



## Guthrie William Schrengohst

September 10, 1976 - January 20, 2026

Guthrie William Schrengohst, 49, was taken from us far too early on January 20, 2026, after complications during recovery from a major accident on December 31, 2025.

Guthrie was born on September 10, 1976, to Bev and Walt Schrengohst, in Seattle, and later moved to Whatcom County. At a very young age he already showed himself to be incredibly thoughtful, intelligent, and independent.

He was always passionate about animals, with a special affinity for chimpanzees and other primates. He could draw with exacting detail and had an amazing eye for interesting imagery. He developed a love for live music and shows. He made many friends and attracted people to him with his genuine kindness and good humor. He married Candace P. Cantaloupe in 1996, and the two of them built their adult lives together.

Guthrie graduated magna cum laude from Western Washington University with a Bachelor of Science after winning awards in Biology and Science. He began his career on the academic side of science, running Whatcom Community College's biology and chemistry lab, and then moved to Seattle with Candace, where he worked in quality assurance in oncology medicine.

He traveled as much as he could, taking trips to Mexico and Costa Rica,

studying Howler Monkeys in Nicaragua, and fulfilling a lifelong dream to go to the Democratic Republic of the Congo to observe Bonobos. He also traveled throughout the United States and Canada with multiple trips to Alaska, Yellowstone National Park, and the beaches of the West Coast. The focus of all of his trips was to see wildlife and the beauty of natural places. He also volunteered for many years with Conservation NW, setting tracking cameras to monitor the animals of the Cascade Mountains.

After his divorce, he fulfilled another dream by moving to a house in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains. He loved being at home with his beloved cats. He would watch the stars or the deer who contentedly browsed nearby. Owls nested yards from his home, and he saw bears, bobcats, and countless other animals on his five acres of wilderness.

He was also an avid collector. Guthrie filled his house with amazing decorations and continued collecting and planning more displays. He enjoyed treating his nieces to the most unique toys he could find. He was always generous and would take note of people's favorite animal so he could gift them with toys or art of that animal.

Guthrie had so many plans for the future and was very motivated to recover fully from his injuries. His death comes as a huge shock to his friends and family. He was so well loved by his mother, Bev Wiltshire (Richard Vanderway), his sister, Jenna Schrengohst (David), his nieces, Raine and Coramina Schrengohst, and a close-knit family of cousins, aunts, uncles, and numerous long-term friends and colleagues who will all miss him greatly. He was preceded in death by his father.

A memorial will be planned in the future with the goal of better weather to allow us to gather outdoors.

In lieu of flowers, donations in his honor could be made to Conservation NW, Friends of Bonobos, The Jane Goodall Institute, the Woodland Park Zoo, or any group supporting animals or the environment.

# Tribute Wall

ML

“ To say I am heartbroken is to not say enough- or to say too little for his gracious kindness to me meant and means everything. He came into my life as a friend in high school after I had lost my best friend and my world was dark. I was able to spend genuine and hilarious and dear times in the creative circle with him and some amazing others. He and I passed notes and made emo- style complaints against what seemed so trite, lame, boring or a waste in society, in school or in our inner personal world. What a young lil goth punk sweetheart when I met him. His glowing skin, his pretty eyes, his shiny hair.

He was always gentle, always a warm smile and helped me heal bits of scattered wounds by just being my buddy. He was not exactly shy-if you knew him- he was just not obnoxious.

When our beloved friend Caleb Parham died- it cracked open more unspeakable pain, I was a mess of attachment and trying to find my way- I left Ferndale and was a mom by age 19. In my early motherhood I lost touch and my place with many people I love so much. My life had to sway a certain way and it kept doing so.

Now- I find out I could have visited him- that he wasn't all that far from me in distance in our great green state.

As he loved toys, animals and nature, cool art, deep music-his gracefulness and way of a sort of solitude spoke to me as he had no interest in the the nonsense of nonsense in our world. His eye rolls had tact.

His way of being the best was like stepping away from what makes no sense. Nature makes sense. Kindness makes sense. Passing notes to friends makes sense.

I knew he was in very good hands falling in love, moving forward in life with all he did and dreamed, accomplished. In high school he'd come over and spent time at my house. To me- he always carried the warmth from his mom's smile and kept a very warm heart radiating from him.

We seemed to also agree- the kind of silent agreement- which is like being at a really boring bad-bad lecture- the moment a pause could occur- you'd both jet outta there- at the same time and laugh-

*to go do something more meaningful like get coffee and be creative.*

*It is true that you can think of someone for years and miss them and say from time to time-wonder where they are or how to reach out, I wanted to see how he was doing, I wanted to catch up, reconnect and spend time. I know I at least half tried. That remained true. I know the last time I saw him I was sincere with telling him how I wanted to spend time. I think he admitted to being almost a hermit- just work and simple things.*

*I know he doesn't leave my heart as a pain I can't understand- but what he gave to me, and is and will always be is a star in the sky, a fern in the forest, the jokes of a monkey, the Joy Division that equals a math equation I won't solve but will study as a cure. The cure for nonsense is to know a soul who gives integrity to you- like a Christmas stocking, like skipping a pebble across a pond when you could never do that before. Like a frog jumping into your pocket and calling you in for their song.*

*I am listening Guthrie. Good bye won't do.*

*Show us the magic from beyond.*

*Forever in debt- your beauty and kindness and those kind eyes smiling with empathy.*



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**Melissa Helzer Lukeris** - February 20 at 04:13 PM

TH

“ 11 files added to the album Memories Album



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**theschrengohsts** - February 20 at 02:31 PM

CB

*"We can judge the heart of a man by his treatment of animals."  
Immanuel Kant. The world would be a better place if everyone was like  
him. My heart is broken... Christine Brown*

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**Christine Brown** - March 03 at 06:53 PM